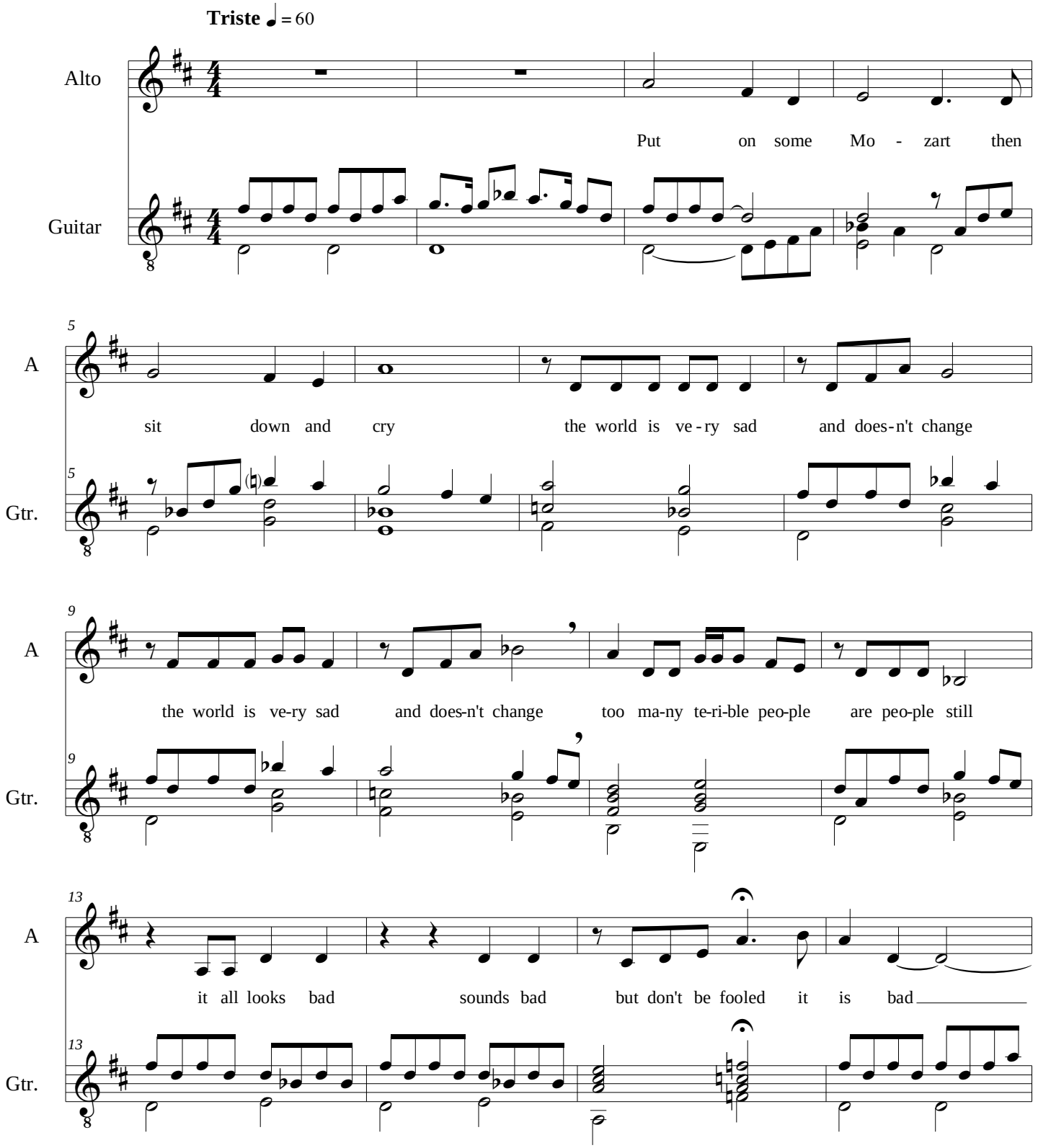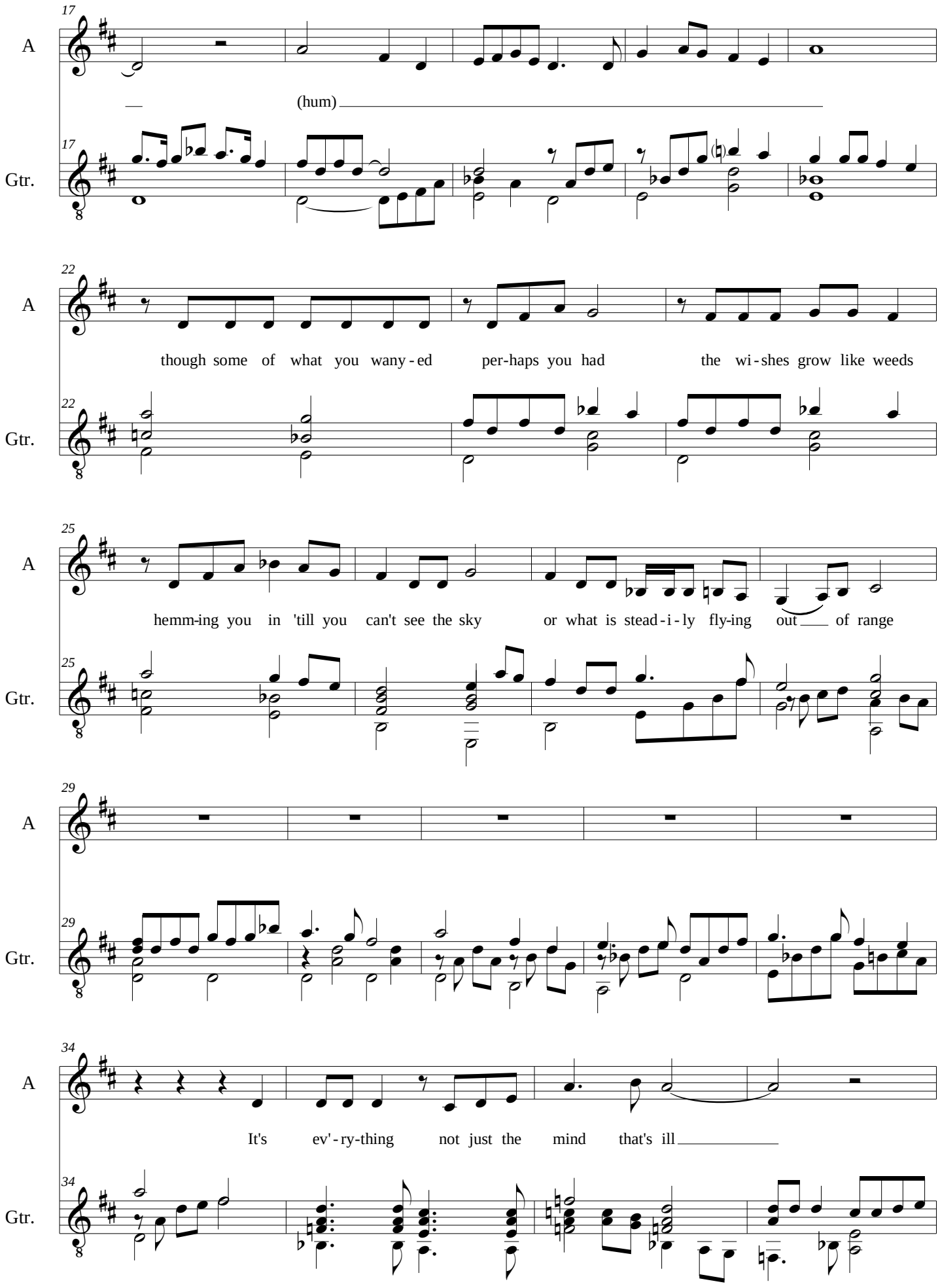A cup too low
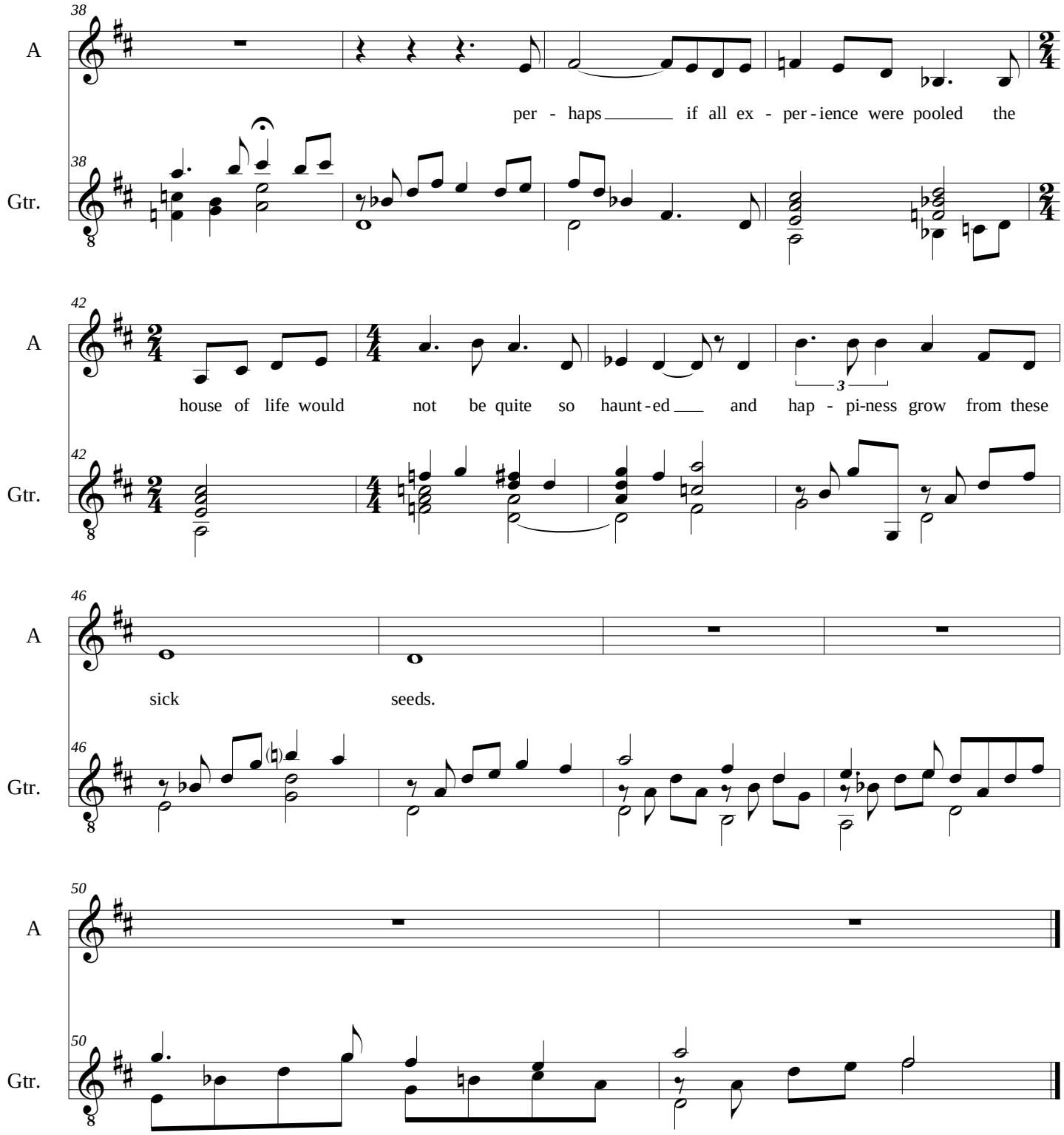
poem by Gavin Ewart

Music by David W Solomons



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17
A
(hum)
17
Gtr.
22
A
though some of what you wany - ed per-haps you had the wi - shes grow like weeds
22
Gtr.
25
A
hemm-ing you in 'till you can't see the sky or what is stead - i - ly fly-ing out of range
25
Gtr.
29
A
29
Gtr.
34
A
It's ev' - ry-thing not just the mind that's ill
34
Gtr.


38
A
per - haps if all ex - per - ience were pooled the
38
Gtr.
42
A
house of life would not be quite so haunt - ed and hap - pi-ness grow from these
3
42
Gtr.
46
A
sick seeds.
46
Gtr.
50
A
50
Gtr.